VERTIGO ISSUE 3

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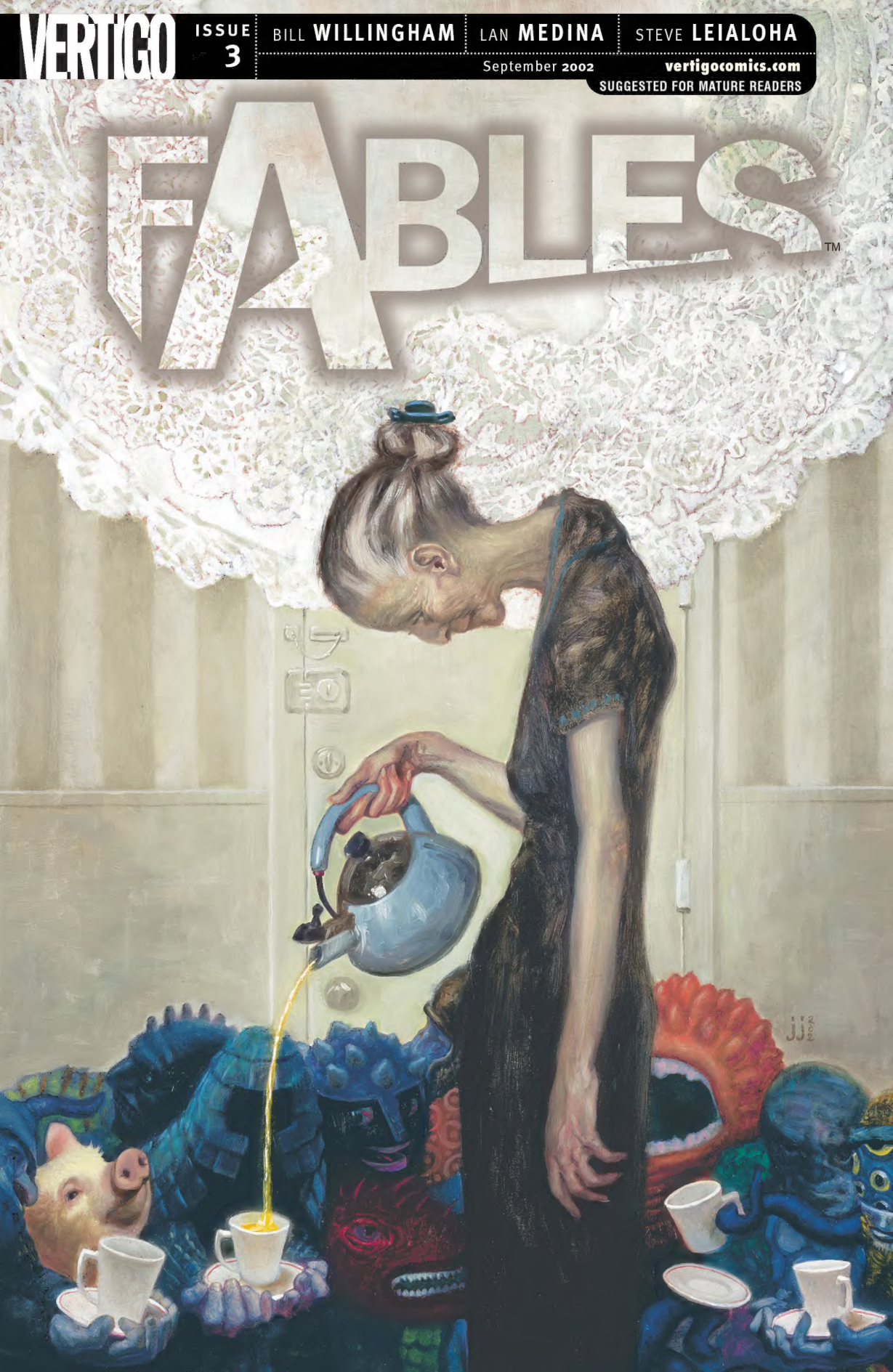
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

FABLES™



CHAPTER THREE: BLOOD TELLS

In which the boys make a big mess, more blood is spilled, and a determination is made about a missing Fable.

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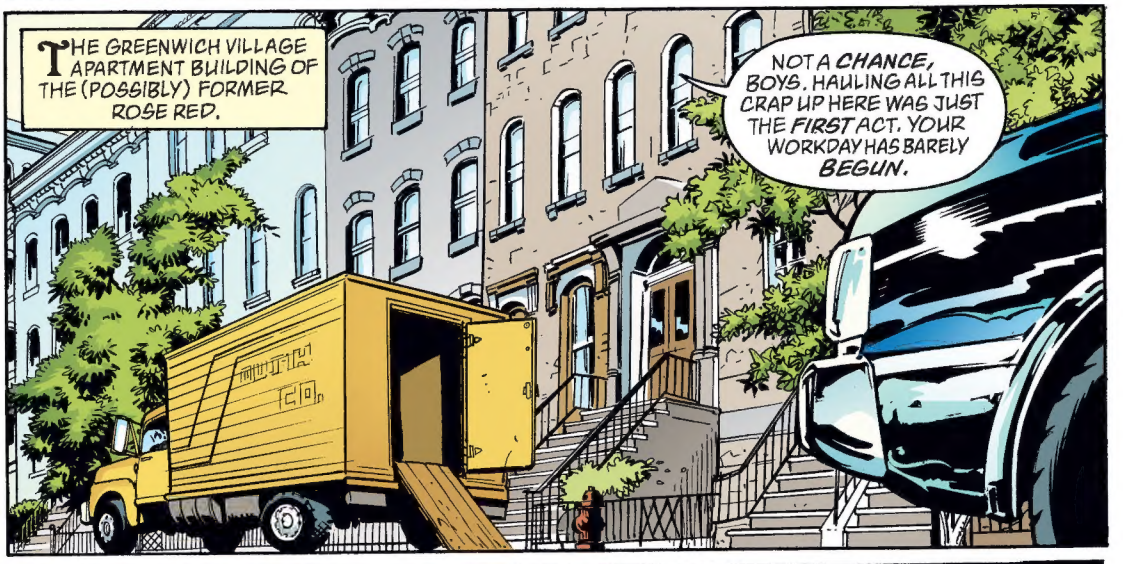
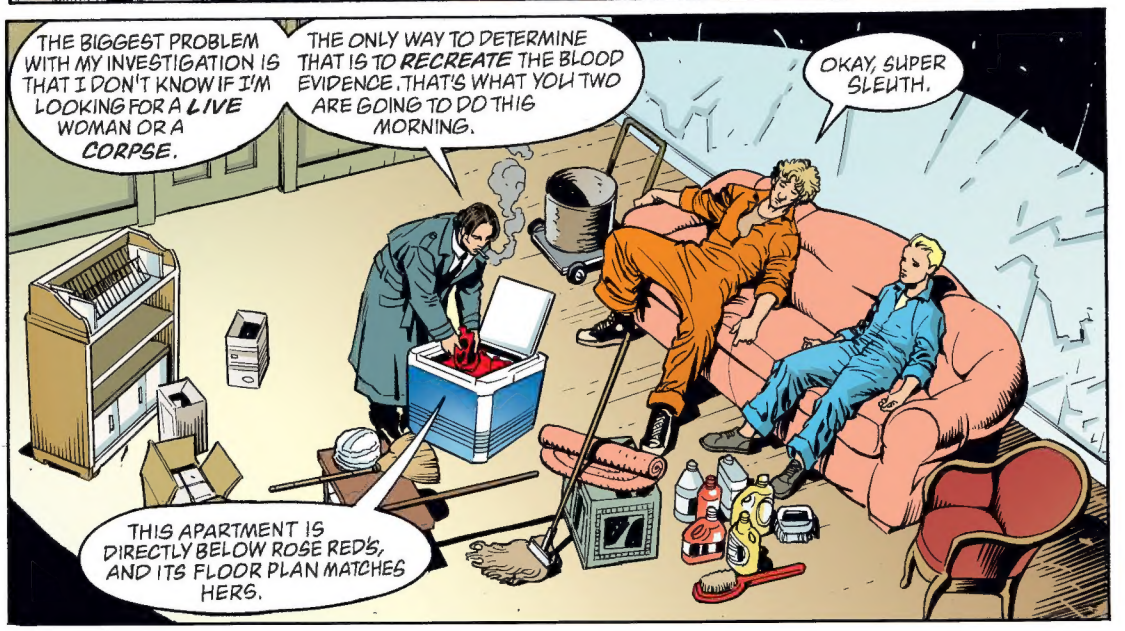
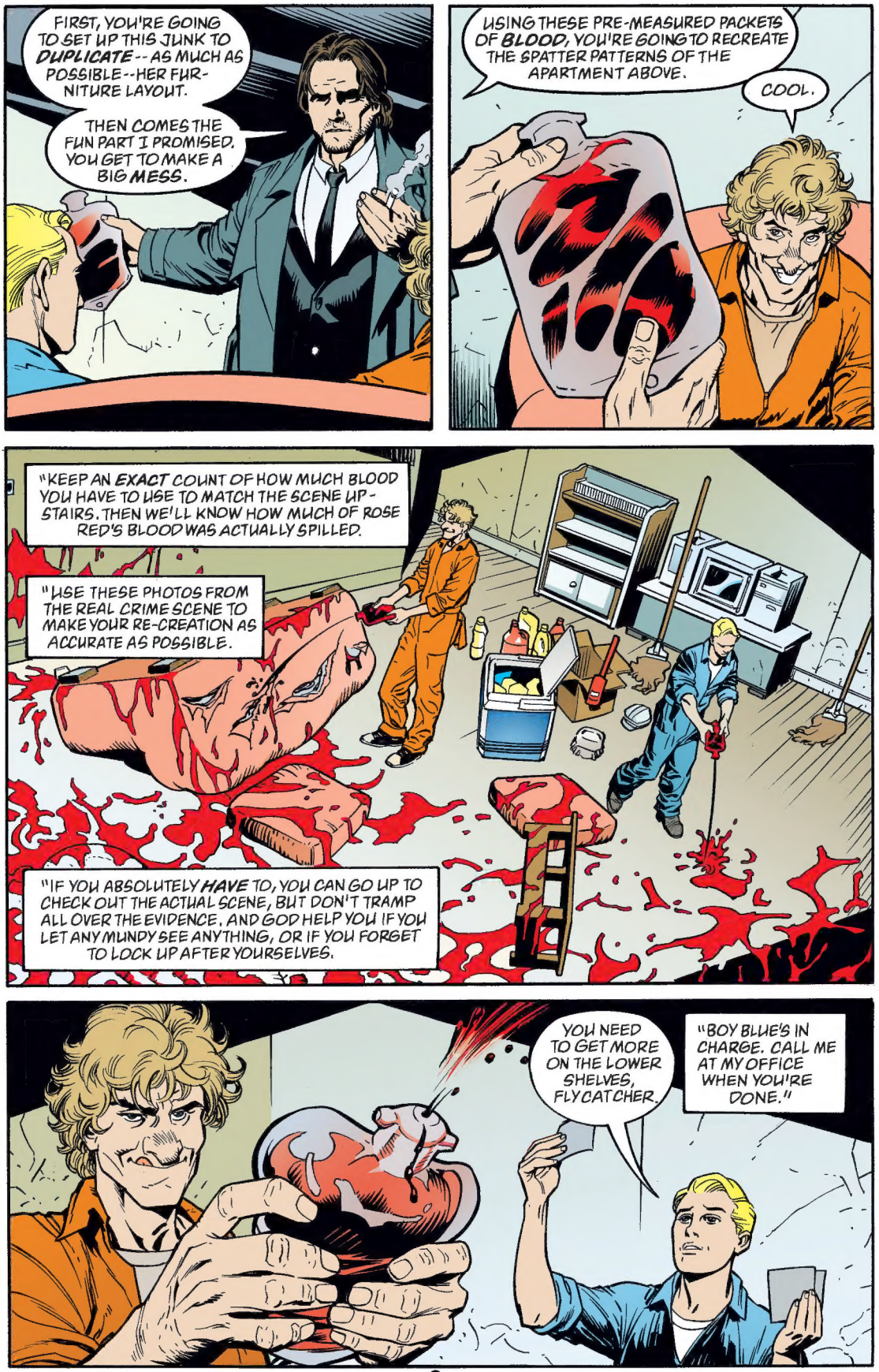
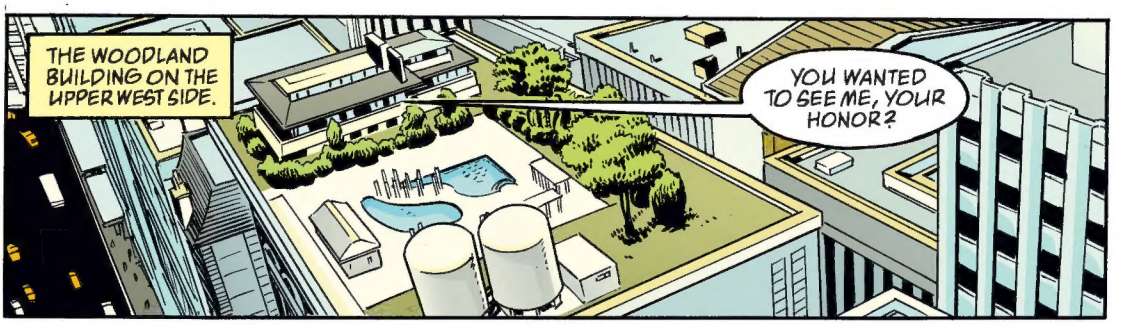
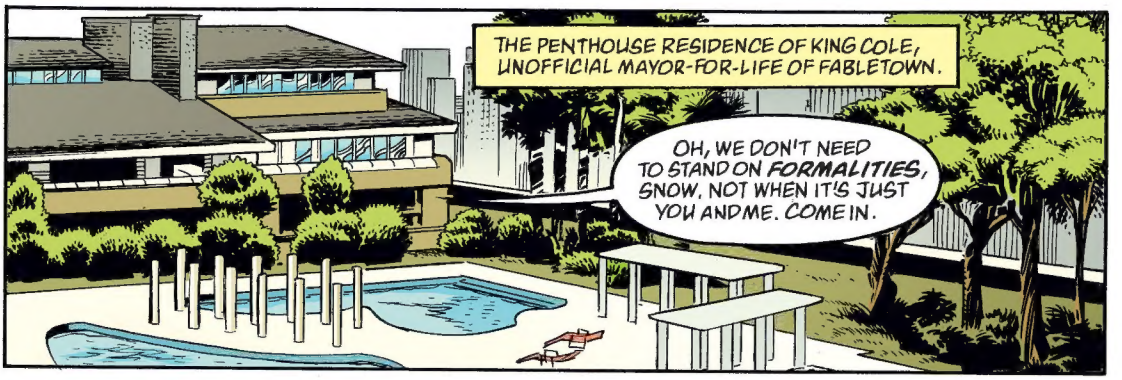
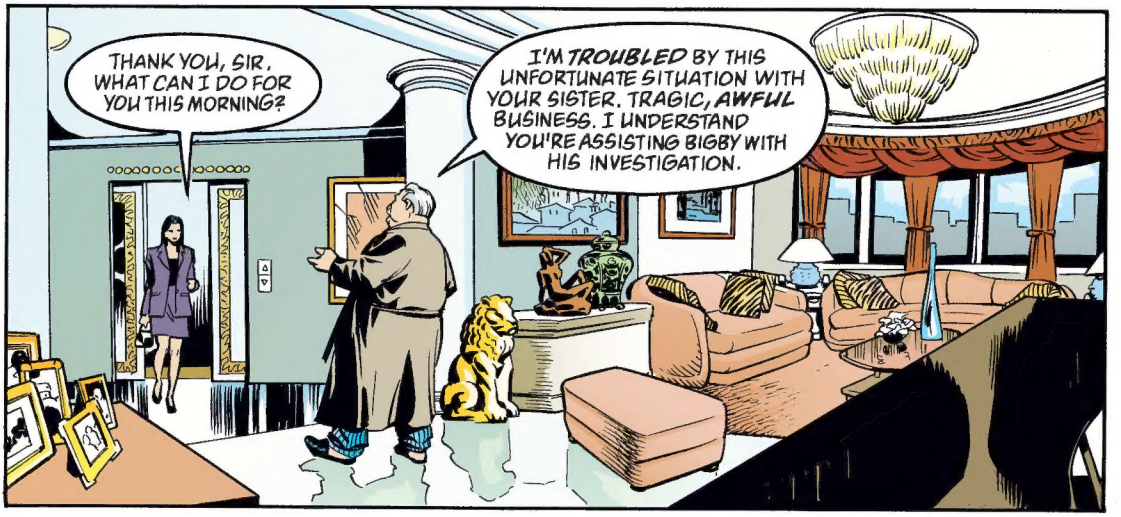


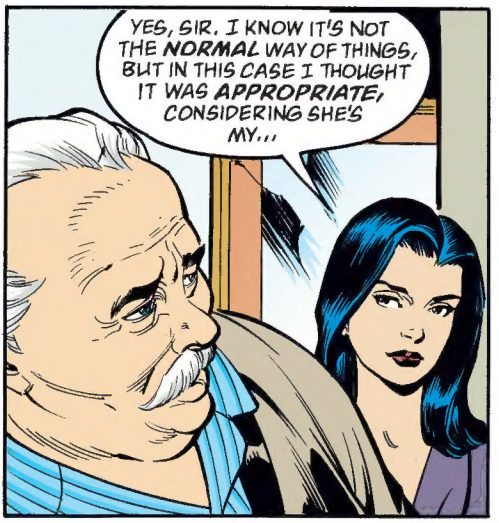


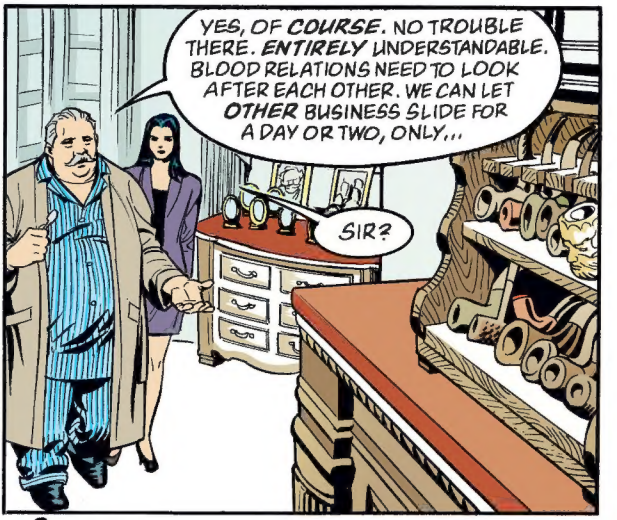

FIRST, YOU'RE GOING TO SET UP THIS JUNK TO DUPLICATE -- AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE -- HER FURNITURE LAYOUT.
THEN COMES THE FUN PART I PROMISED. YOU GET TO MAKE A BIG MESS.
USING THESE PRE-MEASURED PACKETS OF BLOOD, YOU'RE GOING TO RECREATE THE SPATTER PATTERNS OF THE APARTMENT ABOVE.
COOL.
"KEEP AN EXACT COUNT OF HOW MUCH BLOOD YOU HAVE TO USE TO MATCH THE SCENE UPSTAIRS. THEN WE'LL KNOW HOW MUCH OF ROSE RED'S BLOOD WAS ACTUALLY SPILLED.
"USE THESE PHOTOS FROM THE REAL CRIME SCENE TO MAKE YOUR RE-CREATION AS ACCURATE AS POSSIBLE.
"IF YOU ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO, YOU CAN GO UP TO CHECK OUT THE ACTUAL SCENE, BUT DON'T TRAMP ALL OVER THE EVIDENCE. AND GOD HELP YOU IF YOU LET ANY MUNDY SEE ANYTHING, OR IF YOU FORGET TO LOCK UP AFTER YOURSELVES.
YOU NEED TO GET MORE ON THE LOWER SHELVES, FLYCATCHER.
"BOY BLUE'S IN CHARGE. CALL ME AT MY OFFICE WHEN YOU'RE DONE."


THE WOODLAND BUILDING ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE.
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, YOUR HONOR?

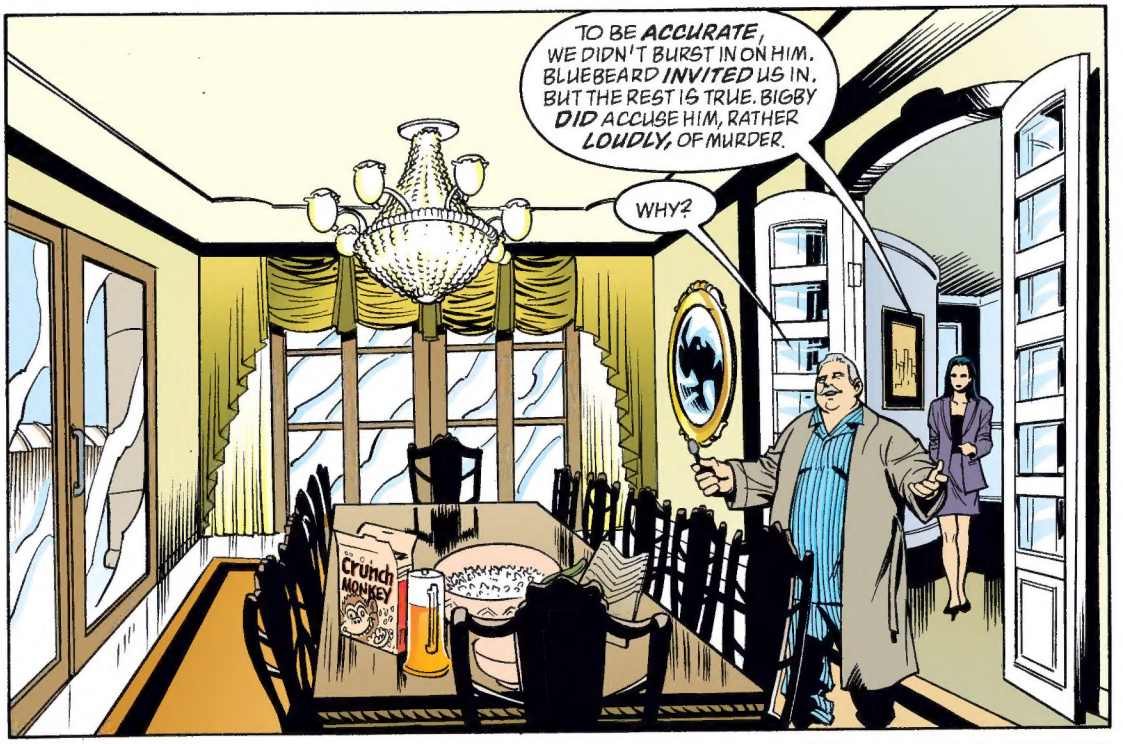

THE PENTHOUSE RESIDENCE OF KING COLE, UNOFFICIAL MAYOR-FOR-LIFE OF FABLETOWN.
OH, WE DON'T NEED TO STAND ON FORMALITIES, SNOW, NOT WHEN IT'S JUST YOU AND ME. COME IN.


THANK YOU, SIR. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU THIS MORNING?
I'M TROUBLED BY THIS UNFORTUNATE SITUATION WITH YOUR SISTER. TRAGIC, AWFUL BUSINESS. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE ASSISTING BIGBY WITH HIS INVESTIGATION.

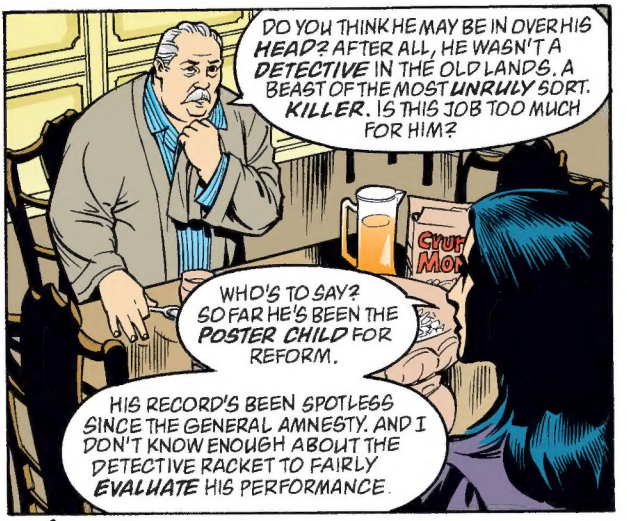

YES, SIR. I KNOW IT'S NOT THE NORMAL WAY OF THINGS, BUT IN THIS CASE I THOUGHT IT WAS APPROPRIATE, CONSIDERING SHE'S MY...

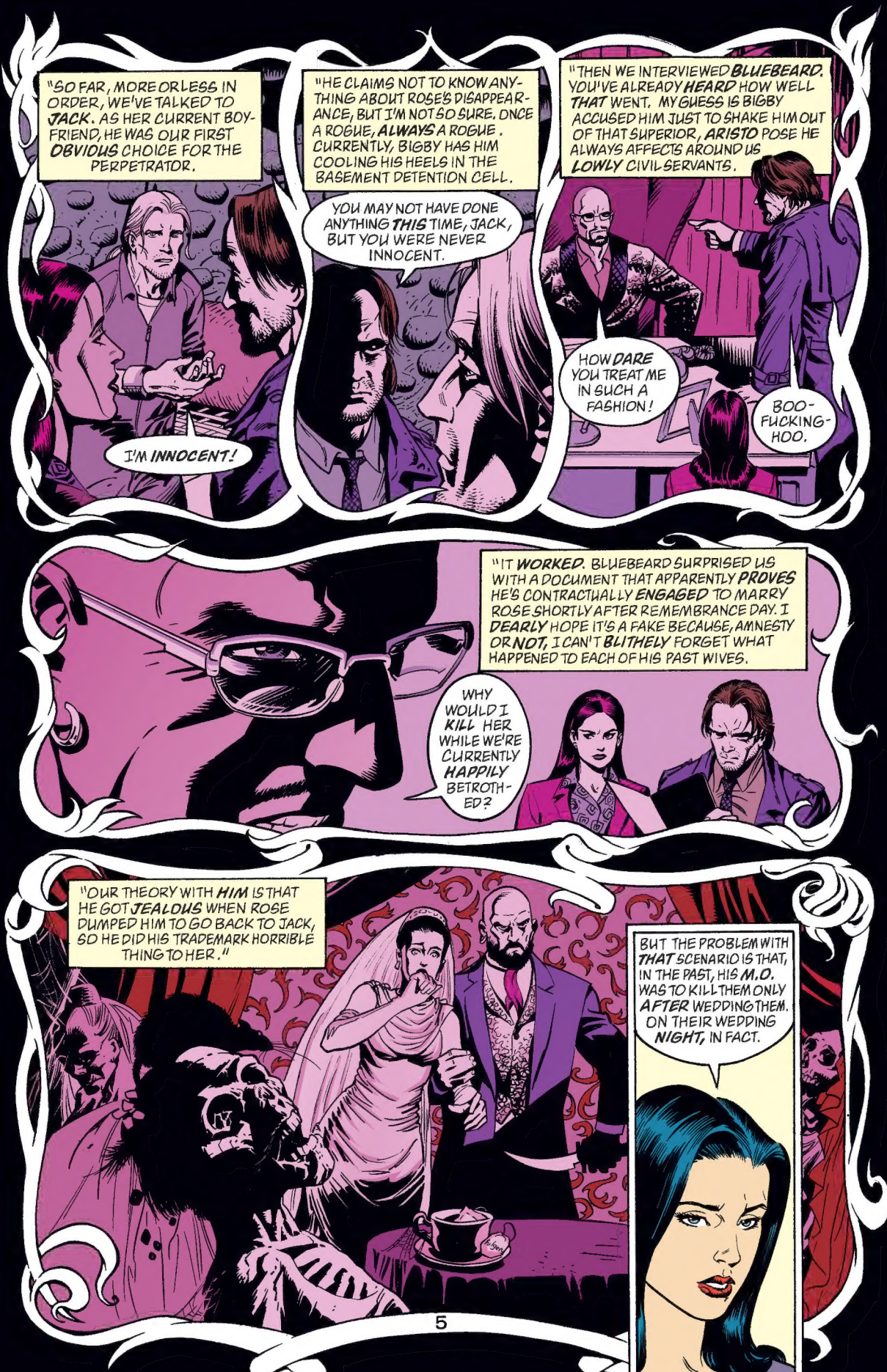

YES, OF COURSE. NO TROUBLE THERE. ENTIRELY UNDERSTANDABLE. BLOOD RELATIONS NEED TO LOOK AFTER EACH OTHER. WE CAN LET OTHER BUSINESS SLIDE FOR A DAY OR TWO, ONLY...
SIR?

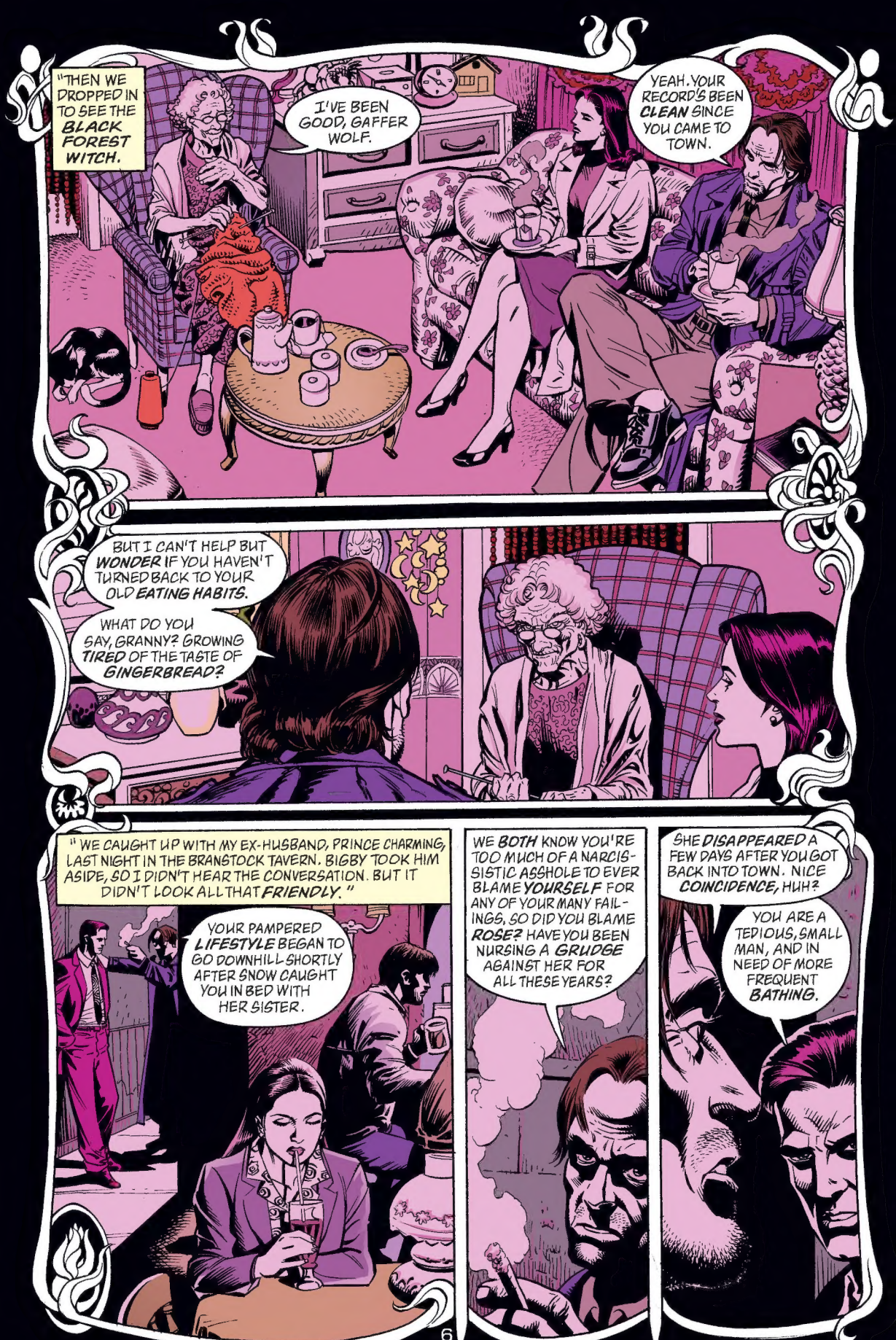
I RECEIVED A CALL LAST NIGHT.
COMPLAINT, ACTUALLY. BLUEBEARD, BIG ANNUAL DONOR. COMMUNITY LEADER.
CLAIMS YOU AND MISTER WOLF ACCUSED HIM. MURDER. BURST IN ON HIM, SCREAMING AND SHOUTING.

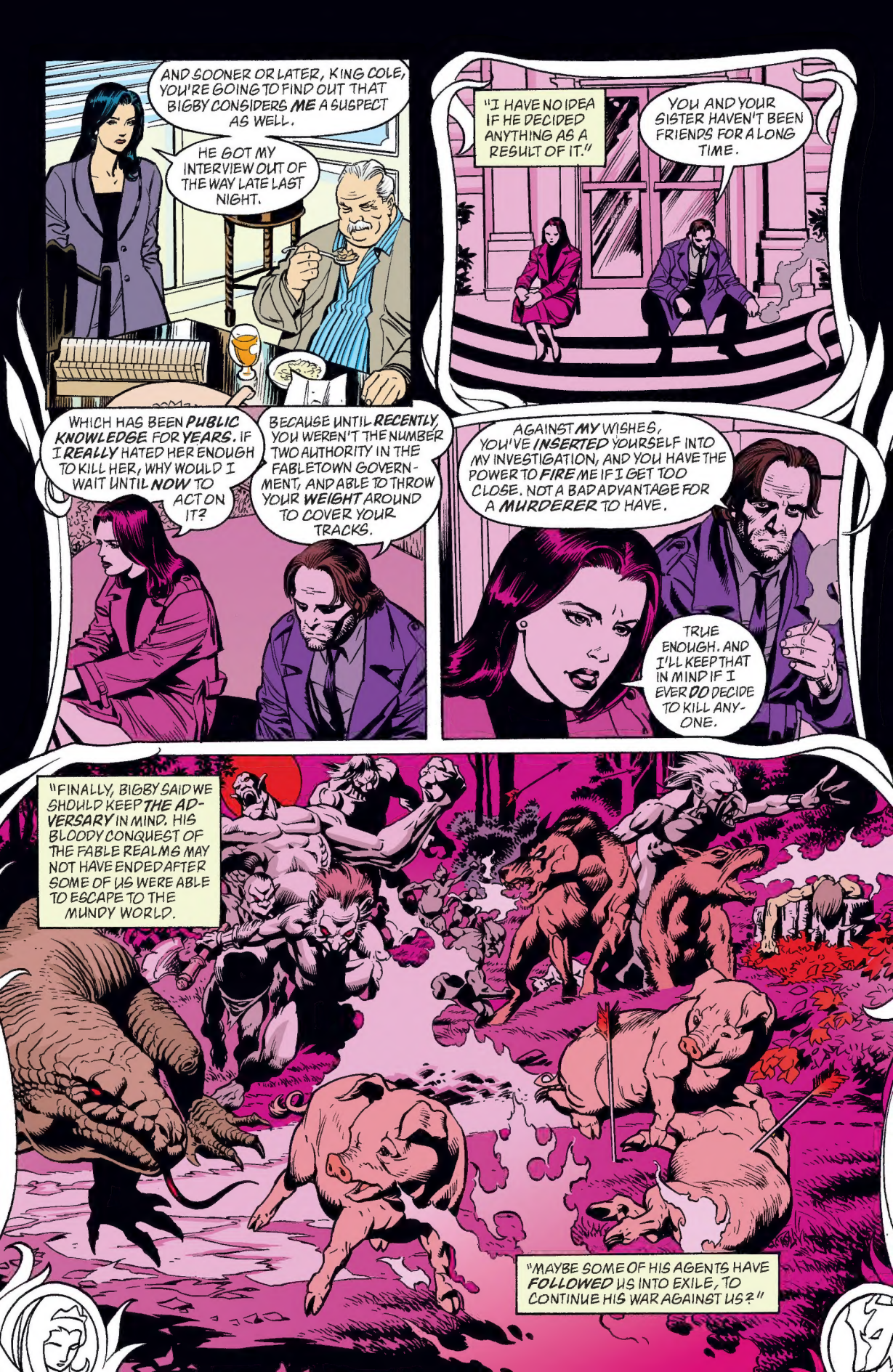

TO BE ACCURATE, WE DIDN'T BURST IN ON HIM. BLUEBEARD INVITED US IN. BUT THE REST IS TRUE. BIGBY DID ACCUSE HIM, RATHER LOUDLY, OF MURDER.
WHY?
Crunch Monkey

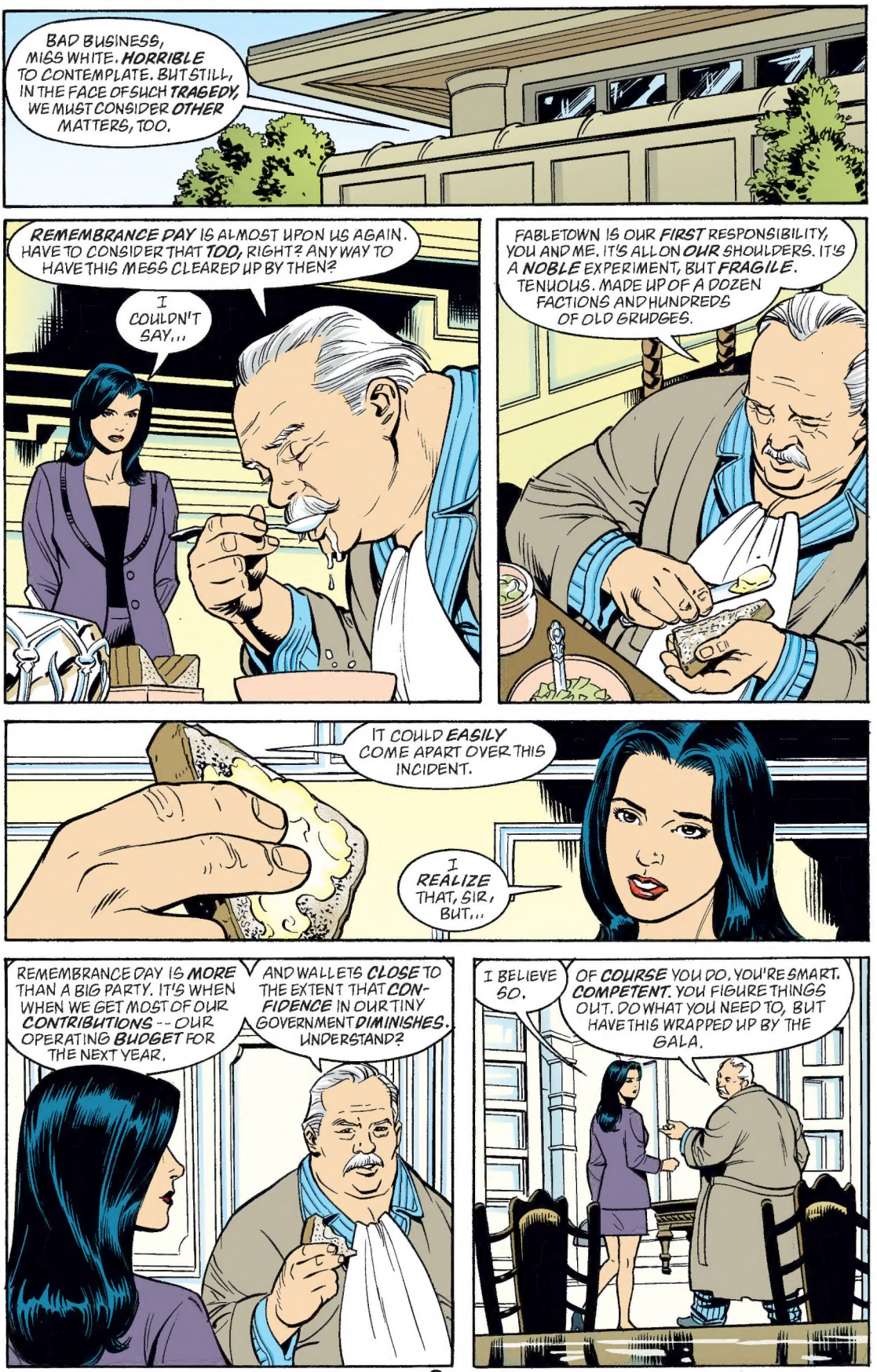
I HAVE NO IDEA. IT CAME OUT OF THE BLUE. IN FACT, HE DID THE SAME THING WITH JACK OF THE TALES. SO FAR AS I CAN TELL, BIGBY'S SOLE INVESTIGATION STRATEGY SEEMS TO CONSIST OF GOING FROM SUSPECT TO SUSPECT AND ACCUSING THEM.


DO YOU THINK HE MAY BE IN OVER HIS HEAD? AFTER ALL, HE WASN'T A DETECTIVE IN THE OLD LANDS. A BEAST OF THE MOST UNRULY SORT. KILLER. IS THIS JOB TOO MUCH FOR HIM?
WHO'S TO SAY? SO FAR HE'S BEEN THE POSTER CHILD FOR REFORM.
HIS RECORD'S BEEN SPOTLESS SINCE THE GENERAL AMNESTY. AND I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE DETECTIVE RACKET TO FAIRLY EVALUATE HIS PERFORMANCE.


"SO FAR, MORE OR LESS IN ORDER, WE'VE TALKED TO JACK. AS HER CURRENT BOYFRIEND, HE WAS OUR FIRST OBVIOUS CHOICE FOR THE PERPETRATOR.
I'M INNOCENT!
"HE CLAIMS NOT TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ROSE'S DISAPPEARANCE, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE. ONCE A ROGUE, ALWAYS A ROGUE. CURRENTLY, BIGBY HAS HIM COOLING HIS HEELS IN THE BASEMENT DETENTION CELL.
YOU MAY NOT HAVE DONE ANYTHING THIS TIME, JACK, BUT YOU WERE NEVER INNOCENT.
"THEN WE INTERVIEWED BLUEBEARD. YOU'VE ALREADY HEARD HOW WELL THAT WENT. MY GUESS IS BIGBY ACCUSED HIM JUST TO SHAKE HIM OUT OF THAT SUPERIOR, ARISTO POSE HE ALWAYS AFFECTS AROUND US LOWLY CIVIL SERVANTS.
HOW DARE YOU TREAT ME IN SUCH A FASHION!
BOO-FUCKING-HOO.
"IT WORKED. BLUEBEARD SURPRISED US WITH A DOCUMENT THAT APPARENTLY PROVES HE'S CONTRACTUALLY ENGAGED TO MARRY ROSE SHORTLY AFTER REMEMBRANCE DAY. I DEARLY HOPE IT'S A FAKE BECAUSE, AMNESTY OR NOT, I CAN'T BLITHELY FORGET WHAT HAPPENED TO EACH OF HIS PAST WIVES.
WHY WOULD I KILL HER WHILE WE'RE CURRENTLY HAPPILY BETROTHED?
"OUR THEORY WITH HIM IS THAT HE GOT JEALOUS WHEN ROSE DUMPED HIM TO GO BACK TO JACK, SO HE DID HIS TRADEMARK HORRIBLE THING TO HER."
BUT THE PROBLEM WITH THAT SCENARIO IS THAT, IN THE PAST, HIS M.O. WAS TO KILL THEM ONLY AFTER WEDDING THEM. ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT, IN FACT.

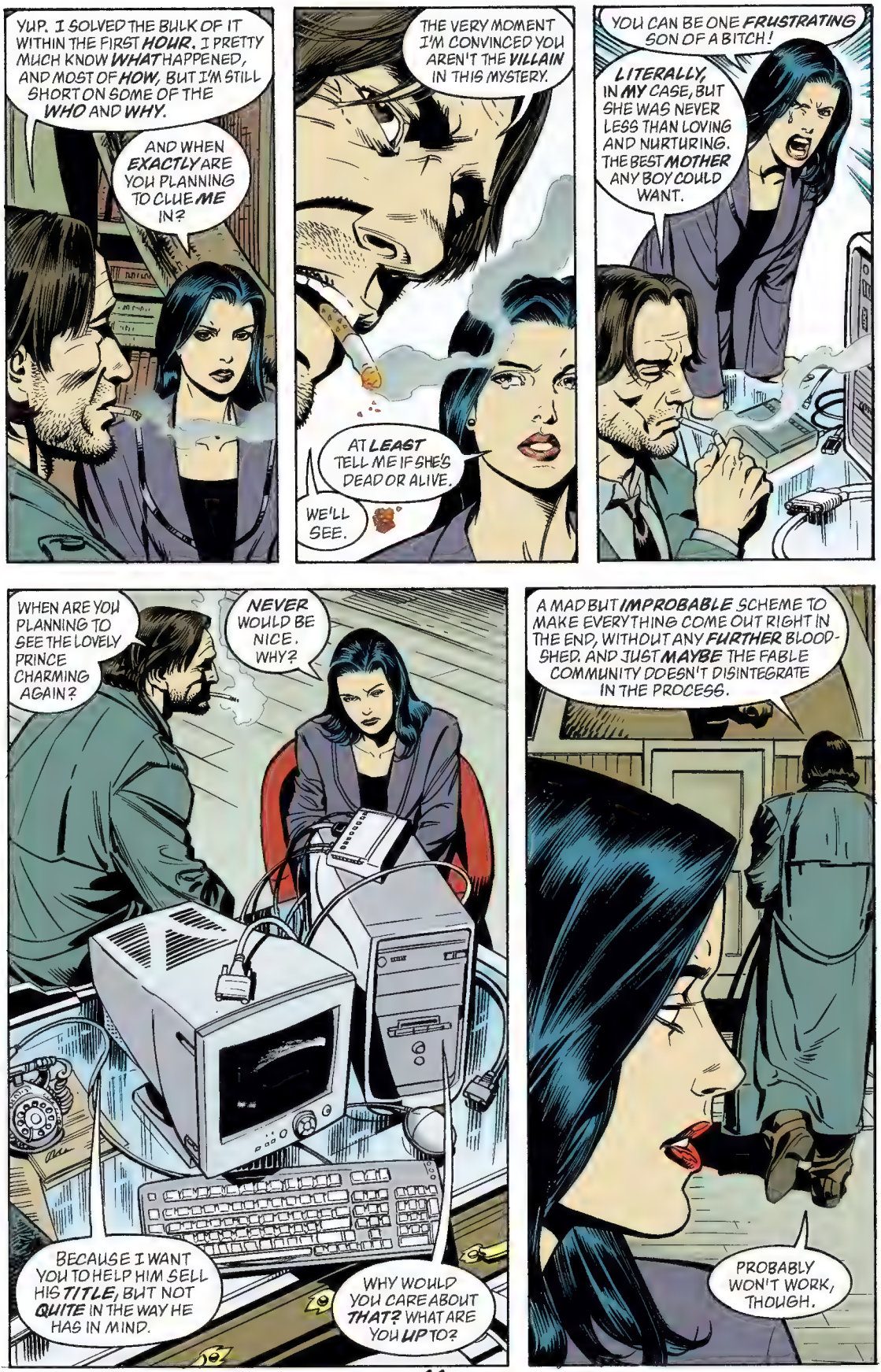

"THEN WE DROPPED IN TO SEE THE BLACK FOREST WITCH.
I'VE BEEN GOOD, GAFFER WOLF.
YEAH. YOUR RECORD'S BEEN CLEAN SINCE YOU CAME TO TOWN.
BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF YOU HAVEN'T TURNED BACK TO YOUR OLD EATING HABITS.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, GRANNY? GROWING TIRED OF THE TASTE OF GINGERBREAD?
" WE CAUGHT UP WITH MY EX-HUSBAND, PRINCE CHARMING, LAST NIGHT IN THE BRANSTOCK TAVERN. BIGBY TOOK HIM ASIDE, SO I DIDN'T HEAR THE CONVERSATION. BUT IT DIDN'T LOOK ALL THAT FRIENDLY. "
YOUR PAMPERED LIFESTYLE BEGAN TO GO DOWNHILL SHORTLY AFTER SNOW CAUGHT YOU IN BED WITH HER SISTER.
WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A NARCISSISTIC ASSHOLE TO EVER BLAME YOURSELF FOR ANY OF YOUR MANY FAILINGS, SO DID YOU BLAME ROSE? HAVE YOU BEEN NURSING A GRUDGE AGAINST HER FOR ALL THESE YEARS?
SHE DISAPPEARED A FEW DAYS AFTER YOU GOT BACK INTO TOWN. NICE COINCIDENCE, HUH?
YOU ARE A TEDIOUS, SMALL MAN, AND IN NEED OF MORE FREQUENT BATHING.


AND SOONER OR LATER, KING COLE, YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT THAT BIGBY CONSIDERS ME A SUSPECT AS WELL.
HE GOT MY INTERVIEW OUT OF THE WAY LATE LAST NIGHT.
"I HAVE NO IDEA IF HE DECIDED ANYTHING AS A RESULT OF IT."
YOU AND YOUR SISTER HAVEN'T BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME.
WHICH HAS BEEN PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE FOR YEARS. IF I REALLY HATED HER ENOUGH TO KILL HER, WHY WOULD I WAIT UNTIL NOW TO ACT ON IT?
BECAUSE UNTIL RECENTLY, YOU WEREN'T THE NUMBER TWO AUTHORITY IN THE FABLETOWN GOVERNMENT, AND ABLE TO THROW YOUR WEIGHT AROUND TO COVER YOUR TRACKS.
AGAINST MY WISHES, YOU'VE INSERTED YOURSELF INTO MY INVESTIGATION, AND YOU HAVE THE POWER TO FIRE ME IF I GET TOO CLOSE. NOT A BAD ADVANTAGE FOR A MURDERER TO HAVE.
TRUE ENOUGH. AND I'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND IF I EVER DO DECIDE TO KILL ANYONE.
"FINALLY, BIGBY SAID WE SHOULD KEEP THE ADVERSARY IN MIND. HIS BLOODY CONQUEST OF THE FABLE REALMS MAY NOT HAVE ENDED AFTER SOME OF US WERE ABLE TO ESCAPE TO THE MUNDY WORLD.
"MAYBE SOME OF HIS AGENTS HAVE FOLLOWED US INTO EXILE, TO CONTINUE HIS WAR AGAINST US?"


BAD BUSINESS, MISS WHITE. HORRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE. BUT STILL, IN THE FACE OF SUCH TRAGEDY, WE MUST CONSIDER OTHER MATTERS, TOO.
REMEMBRANCE DAY IS ALMOST UPON US AGAIN. HAVE TO CONSIDER THAT TOO, RIGHT? ANY WAY TO HAVE THIS MESS CLEARED UP BY THEN?
I COULDN'T SAY...
FABLETOWN IS OUR FIRST RESPONSIBILITY, YOU AND ME. IT'S ALL ON OUR SHOULDERS. IT'S A NOBLE EXPERIMENT, BUT FRAGILE. TENUOUS. MADE UP OF A DOZEN FACTIONS AND HUNDREDS OF OLD GRUDGES.
IT COULD EASILY COME APART OVER THIS INCIDENT.
I REALIZE THAT, SIR, BUT...
REMEMBRANCE DAY IS MORE THAN A BIG PARTY. IT'S WHEN WHEN WE GET MOST OF OUR CONTRIBUTIONS -- OUR OPERATING BUDGET FOR THE NEXT YEAR.
AND WALLETS CLOSE TO THE EXTENT THAT CONFIDENCE IN OUR TINY GOVERNMENT DIMINISHES. UNDERSTAND?
I BELIEVE SO.
OF COURSE YOU DO, YOU'RE SMART. COMPETENT. YOU FIGURE THINGS OUT. DO WHAT YOU NEED TO, BUT HAVE THIS WRAPPED UP BY THE GALA.

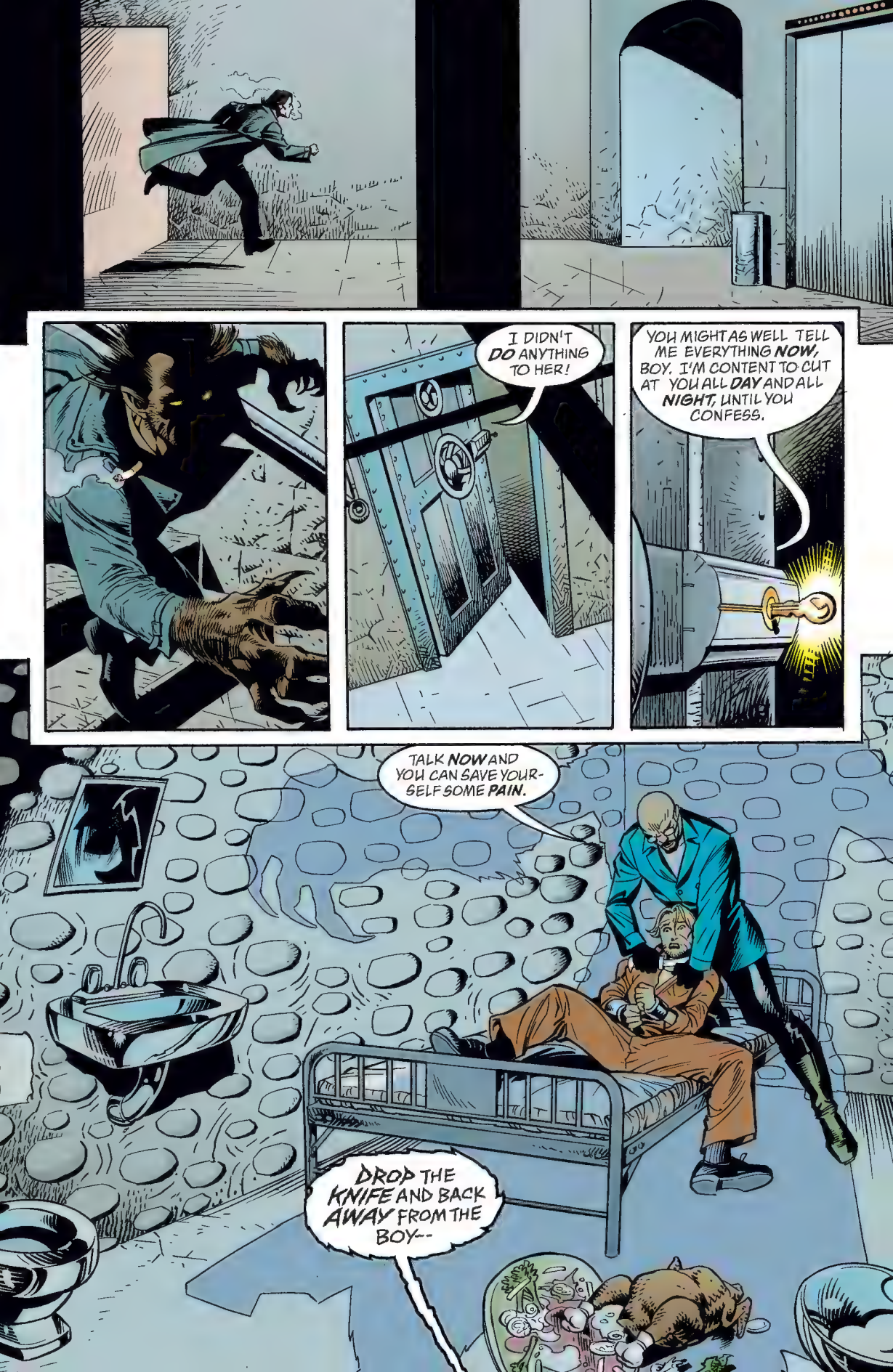
I'M READY. THE TRAY, PLEASE.
GOT IT. THANK YOU. NOW, IF YOU'LL GET THE DOOR?
GOOD HUNTING, SIR.

KING COLE SURPRISED ME.
HE MANAGED TO HOLD OUT FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS BEFORE PUTTING PRESSURE ON ME TO GET THIS CASE SETTLED.
WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THAT?
FROM JACK'S APARTMENT. I JUST FINISHED TOSSING IT. IT WAS FULL OF COMPUTERS, AT LEAST SIX COMPLETE SYSTEMS. I BORROWED ONE SO THAT YOU CAN SNOOP THROUGH IT AND MAYBE FIGURE OUT WHAT HE'S DOING WITH THEM.
WHY ME? WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?
BECAUSE I CAN'T USE THE DAMNED THINGS. MACHINES HATE ME. I'M A GENETIC LUDDITE, INCAPABLE OF OPERATING ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN MY TOASTER.
AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE DOING WHILE I'M DOING YOUR WORK FOR YOU?
THIS AND THAT. IT'S ABOUT JACK'S LUNCHTIME, SO I'LL SEE TO IT. AND I STILL HAVE A FEW NAGGING DETAILS TO FIGURE OUT ABOUT THE CASE.
IMPLYING THAT YOU'VE ALREADY SOLVED MOST OF IT?


YUP. I SOLVED THE BULK OF IT WITHIN THE FIRST HOUR. I PRETTY MUCH KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, AND MOST OF HOW, BUT I'M STILL SHORT ON SOME OF THE WHO AND WHY.
AND WHEN EXACTLY ARE YOU PLANNING TO CLUE ME IN?
THE VERY MOMENT I'M CONVINCED YOU AREN'T THE VILLAIN IN THIS MYSTERY.
AT LEAST TELL ME IF SHE'S DEAD OR ALIVE.
WE'LL SEE.
YOU CAN BE ONE FRUSTRATING SON OF A BITCH!
LITERALLY, IN MY CASE, BUT SHE WAS NEVER LESS THAN LOVING AND NURTURING. THE BEST MOTHER ANY BOY COULD WANT.
WHEN ARE YOU PLANNING TO SEE THE LOVELY PRINCE CHARMING AGAIN?
NEVER WOULD BE NICE. WHY?
BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO HELP HIM SELL HIS TITLE, BUT NOT QUITE IN THE WAY HE HAS IN MIND.
WHY WOULD YOU CARE ABOUT THAT? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
A MAD BUT IMPROBABLE SCHEME TO MAKE EVERYTHING COME OUT RIGHT IN THE END, WITHOUT ANY FURTHER BLOODSHED. AND JUST MAYBE THE FABLE COMMUNITY DOESN'T DISINTEGRATE IN THE PROCESS.
PROBABLY WON'T WORK, THOUGH.

AND IN ROSE RED'S APARTMENT BUILDING...
NO, FLYCATCHER. PAY ATTENTION.
HAPPILY, NOT HAPPENING.
HAPPILY: AITCH-AY-PEE-PEE-EYE-EL-WHY.
NO MORE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
"NO MORE HAPPENING EVER AFTER" MAKES NO SENSE. NOT EVEN FOR A GUY WHO EATS BUGS FOR LUNCH.
I SLIP UP AND EAT ONE OR TWO FLIES, AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS OF NORMAL, HUMAN EATING HABITS, AND I'M BRANDED FOR LIFE.
PERFECT!
I THINK WE'RE DONE. I THINK WE DID IT.
SO HOW MUCH BLOOD DID WE USE?

IN THE LOBBY OF THE WOODLAND.
ONLY FIVE DAYS UNTIL Remembrance Day. HAVE YOU MADE YOUR RESERVATIONS YET?
WAKE UP, GRIMBLE.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR FIRST IN A GRUELING SCHEDULE OF DAILY NAPS, BUT I NEED THE KEYS TO THE DETENTION CELL.
WHY?
FILES
IT'S TIME TO FEED THE PRISONER.
AGAIN? ARE YOU TRYING TO FATTEN HIM UP FOR THE SLAUGHTER? IF YOU'RE GOING TO TREAT PRISONERS THIS WELL, I VOLUNTEER TO BE YOUR NEXT ONE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
HIGH LORD MUCKY-MUCK JUST BROUGHT YOUR BOY A BIG DAMN MEAL NOT TEN MINUTES AGO. GARLIC ROASTED HEN, IF MY NOSE HASN'T STARTED LYING TO ME.
WHO WAS IT?
BLUEBEARD, HIS OWN ROYAL SELF. THAT'S WHO. HE SAID YOU AUTHORIZED IT.
IN ANY CASE, IF YOU WANT THE KEYS, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET THEM FROM HIM, BECAUSE HE AIN'T RETURNED THEM YET.
DAMN IT!
BILLY BEE HUMBURGER

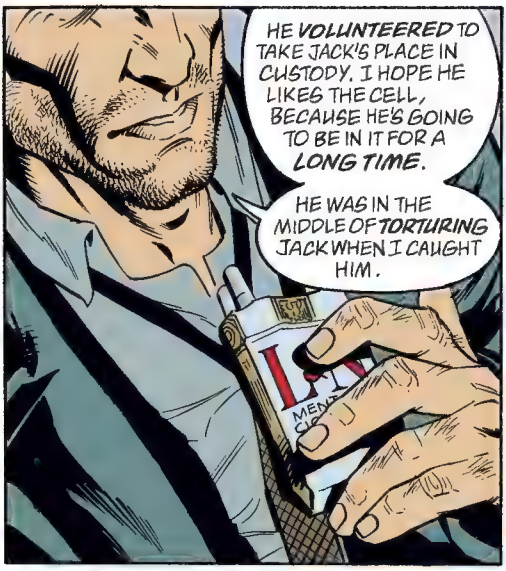

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HER!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL TELL ME EVERYTHING NOW, BOY. I'M CONTENT TO CUT AT YOU ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT, UNTIL YOU CONFESS.
TALK NOW AND YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF SOME PAIN.
DROP THE KNIFE AND BACK AWAY FROM THE BOY--

--OR I'LL RIP YOUR FUCKING THROAT OUT.
OH LOOK. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THE WOLF HAS FINALLY SHED HIS SHEEP'S CLOTHING TO ONCE MORE SHOW US THE TRUE BEAST UNDERNEATH.
MOST OF US KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU REVERTED TO YOUR OLD WAYS, BIGBY. NATURE CANNOT BE DENIED.

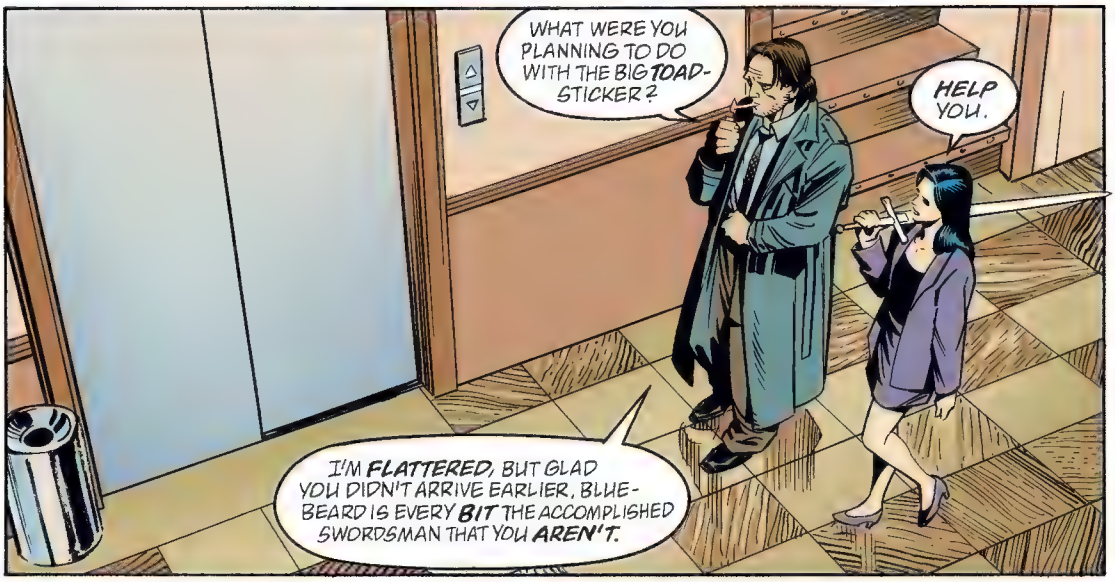
GET HIM, BIGBY! HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!
NONSENSE. IF I WERE TRYING TO KILL HIM, HE'D BE DEAD NOW.
I DON'T INTEND TO KILL THE BOY UNTIL AFTER I'VE BLED THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM.
GO AWAY FOR ANOTHER HOUR, WOLF, AND YOUNG JACK WILL BEG ME FOR THE CHANCE TO TELL US WHAT HE DID TO ROSE, AND WHERE WE CAN FIND HER-- OR HER BODY.
THAT'S NOT THE WAY WE DO THINGS ANYMORE.
BACK AWAY FROM HIM, BLUEBEARD. IF I HAVE TO LAY MY HANDS ON YOU, IT WON'T END UNTIL ONE OF US IS DEAD ON THE FLOOR.
SO? DO YOU IMAGINE YOU'D BE THE FIRST OF YOUR KIND I'VE HAD TO KILL? I KEPT MY LANDS FREE OF SUCH VERMIN FOR CENTURIES.
ALWAYS FROM THE SAFETY OF A LANCE'S DISTANCE, I'D BET--
--WITH PLENTY OF ARMED MEN AROUND YOU, TO KEEP OUT ANY REAL DANGER.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO THIS TIME, WITH ONLY ONE THIN TOOTH TO HELP YOU.

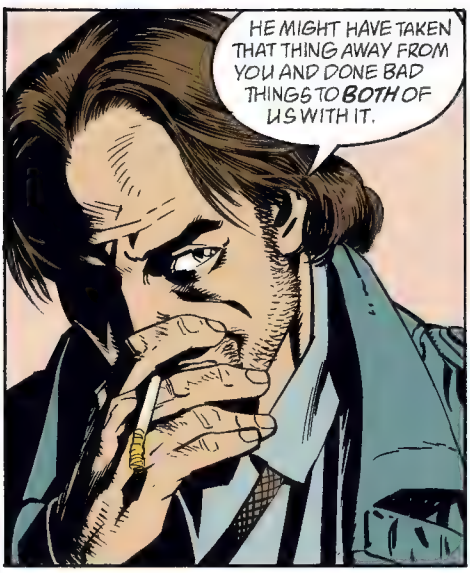
POINT TAKEN. BUT THERE'S NO WAY YOU COULD REACH ME BEFORE I SLIT THIS RASCAL'S THROAT.
YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT!
BE MY GUEST. I'D LOVE TO HAVE THAT MENACE OUT OF MY LIFE.
BIGBY! DON'T PUT IDEAS IN HIS HEAD! HE'S JUST KIDDING, BLUEBEARD. DON'T LISTEN TO HIM. HE ACTUALLY LIKES ME A LOT.
AND THEN I COULD KILL YOU WITH FULL JUSTIFICATION.
WAIT! BOTH OF YOU! WE DON'T WANT TO TALK OURSELVES INTO RASH ACTIONS HERE.
LET'S ALL STEP BACK, TAKE A DEEP BREATH, DECLARE A MINUTE'S MORATORIUM ON THE CHEST-THUMPING, AND SEE IF WE CAN'T THINK THINGS THROUGH A BIT MORE RATIONALLY, OKAY?
GUYS?
HURRY!

PICK UP MY SHOES, JACK.
HAS IT ESCAPED YOUR NOTICE I'M BLEEDING? I NEED A DOCTOR.
POOR BABY.
WHOA!
YIKES!
WHERE'S THE FIRE, KIDS?
WE'RE COMING TO YOUR RESCUE.
MY HERO.
SOMEONE GET ME A DOCTOR. I'M BLEEDING TO DEATH!
CALM DOWN, JACK. YOU'RE FINE.
JOHN, WILL YOU AND GRIMBLE TAKE JACK UP TO USE THE FIRST AID KIT BEHIND THE DESK? AND THEN GET HIM TO HIS APARTMENT, AND MAKE SURE HE STAYS PUT.
WHERE'S BLUEBEARD?


HE VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE JACK'S PLACE IN CUSTODY. I HOPE HE LIKES THE CELL, BECAUSE HE'S GOING TO BE IN IT FOR A LONG TIME.
HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF TORTURING JACK WHEN I CAUGHT HIM.

WHY?
APPARENTLY HE BELIEVED SOME OF THE MORE OUTRAGEOUS RUMORS ABOUT WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO ROSE RED.

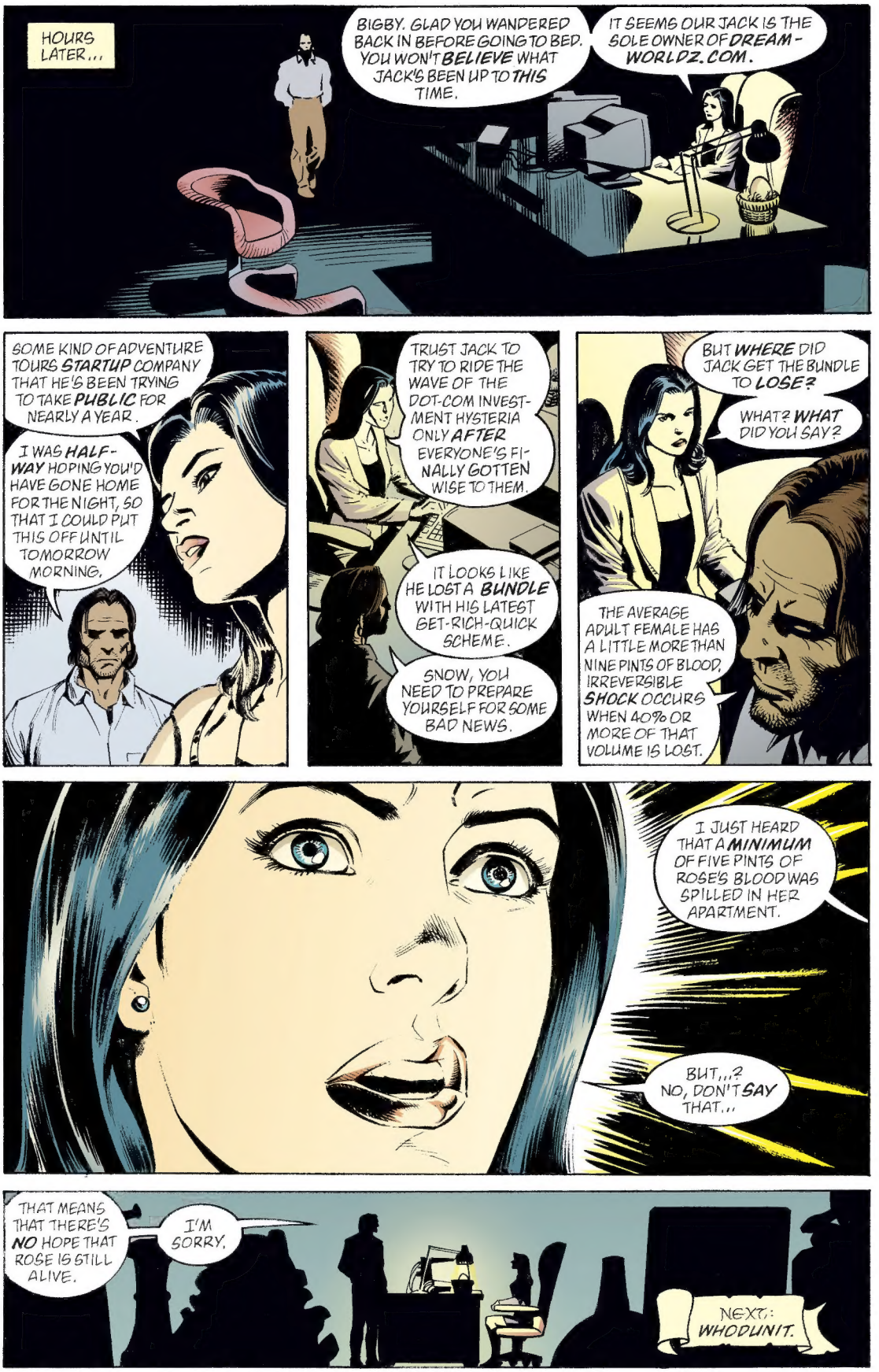

WHAT WERE YOU PLANNING TO DO WITH THE BIG TOAD-STICKER?
HELP YOU.
I'M FLATTERED, BUT GLAD YOU DIDN'T ARRIVE EARLIER. BLUE-BEARD IS EVERY BIT THE ACCOMPLISHED SWORDSMAN THAT YOU AREN'T.


HE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN THAT THING AWAY FROM YOU AND DONE BAD THINGS TO BOTH OF US WITH IT.

NOT BEFORE I GOT AT LEAST ONE GOOD CHOP AT HIM, AND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH. THIS IS THE VORPAL BLADE OF JABBERWOCKY FAME. KILLS IN ONE CUT, SNICKER-SNACK AND ALL THAT? DOES ALL THE FIGHTING FOR YOU?

OH JOY, THEN DON'T CARRY IT THAT WAY, OR YOU'RE LIKELY TO CUT YOUR OWN HEAD OFF. I NEED YOU TO BE IN ONE PIECE FOR THE BIG PARTY NEXT WEEK.
EXCUSE ME?
WELL, I'D LOOK PRETTY DAMNED SILLY DRAGGING A HEADLESS WOMAN AROUND THE DANCE FLOOR.
WHEN DID WE DECIDE I'M GOING TO THE GALA WITH YOU? FOR THAT MATTER, WHEN DID YOU DECIDE TO GO? YOU NEVER GO TO THE REMEMBRANCE DAY CELEBRATION.
I CAN'T AVOID IT THIS YEAR. IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE TO WORK EVERYTHING OUT, I NEED TO BE THERE AND YOU HAVE TO GO AS MY DATE.
IT'S ALL VERY COMPLICATED AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT YET, SO JUST GO ALONG.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO HOME AND CHANGE.
RINNNG RINNNG
KEEP YOUR PANTS ON! I'M COMING!
HELLO?
ZZZZZ
WHAT? OH YEAH. SORRY. I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH FOR MOST OF THE DAY.
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT? OH. OKAY.
SPY
TECTIVE STORIES

NOT YET. I'VE GOT MORE BAD NEWS FOR THE TWO OF YOU. YOU NEED TO CLEAN UP THE PLACE. MOP, WAX, SCRUB AND PAINT UNTIL YOU RETURN IT TO PRISTINE CONDITION.
AND YOU NEED TO WORK FAST, BECAUSE WE COULD ONLY AFFORD TO RENT THE PLACE FOR TWO DAYS.
I&N
WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH THAT, GO UP TO ROSE RED'S PLACE AND DO THE SAME THING, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.
NOPE. I NO LONGER NEED TO PRESERVE THE EVIDENCE.
THEN, LAST OF ALL, TAKE THE RUINED FURNITURE FROM BOTH APARTMENTS OUT TO THE DUMP AND BURN IT.
AND DON'T LET THE MUNDYS CATCH YOU.
WHEN YOU'VE DONE ALL OF THAT, AND ONLY THEN, YOU CAN COME HOME.
YEAH, WELL MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. THE ONLY EASY DAY WAS YESTERDAY.


HOURS LATER...
BIGBY. GLAD YOU WANDERED BACK IN BEFORE GOING TO BED. YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT JACK'S BEEN UP TO THIS TIME.
IT SEEMS OUR JACK IS THE SOLE OWNER OF DREAM-WORLDZ.COM.
SOME KIND OF ADVENTURE TOURS STARTUP COMPANY THAT HE'S BEEN TRYING TO TAKE PUBLIC FOR NEARLY A YEAR.
I WAS HALF-WAY HOPING YOU'D HAVE GONE HOME FOR THE NIGHT, SO THAT I COULD PUT THIS OFF UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING.
TRUST JACK TO TRY TO RIDE THE WAVE OF THE DOT-COM INVESTMENT HYSTERIA ONLY AFTER EVERYONE'S FINALLY GOTTEN WISE TO THEM.
IT LOOKS LIKE HE LOST A BUNDLE WITH HIS LATEST GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME.
SNOW, YOU NEED TO PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SOME BAD NEWS.
BUT WHERE DID JACK GET THE BUNDLE TO LOSE?
WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
THE AVERAGE ADULT FEMALE HAS A LITTLE MORE THAN NINE PINTS OF BLOOD. IRREVERSIBLE SHOCK OCCURS WHEN 40% OR MORE OF THAT VOLUME IS LOST.
I JUST HEARD THAT A MINIMUM OF FIVE PINTS OF ROSE'S BLOOD WAS SPILLED IN HER APARTMENT.
BUT...? NO, DON'T SAY THAT...
THAT MEANS THAT THERE'S NO HOPE THAT ROSE IS STILL ALIVE.
I'M SORRY.
NEXT: WHODUNIT.

NAHGA